

Momus Elencticus

Or a light Come off upon that serious piece of *Tragedy* presented
by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxon. in the name of all his Mimi-
dons at Whitehall, to expell the Melancholy of the Court, and
to tickle its gizzard with a Landkip of dancing Fryars to their
own Musick and Numbers.

Strike up my dull Muse, and swang me a ditty,
In the elephant strain of the *Univer*—fitty,
Tis a tuncable age, and all Trades grow witty.

The Heads of all Houses with their privy Members,
Have woo'd up their fancies long rak'd in the embers,
To drown all the squibs of our blazing Novembers.

But wot you for what this elixer was made?
'Twas all to be praise the success that we had
The Spirit so spur'd that it almost turn'd jade.

So up they pitch'd in a long checkred crue,
In several dresses of several hue,
Old *Coventry* Doctors and Masters as blue

Hap at a venture

Some

(2)

Some *Latin*, some *Greek*, but they strein'd hard,
Till they were out-thrown by the old Britiſh Bard,
The French (with a pox) had almoſt all marr'd
Stand at your diſtance.

The reſt in plain Engliſh brought each man his hymn,
As his ſancy godſnags drew up to the biſm,
There's ſcarce an old Ballad but has loſt a limb,
March on Taylors.

The firſt of th' Artillery that did give fire
Was a great Gun of *Chriſt-Church* the bigg'ſt of the Quire,
A welch man I wis by his gate and attire
Well a go to then

The Vice Chencellor (bear back) a word ſtill in faſhion,
A Doctor at leaſt of the lateſt Creation,
The cutted Analyſis of Reformation
Pandire Pye cruſt.

He gap'd, and he voydded a tedious Epiſtle,
Wherein if you finde one grain of ſalt, whistle,
But 'twas (*suo more*) an *Als* mumbling a thiſtle.
Salve tu quoque.

Up laſt the Steepl his Deaſhip did climbe,
In a *Hogen Mogen* pittifull Rythme,
Like the Chimes of *Carfax* without tune or time
Ceſare ſultus.

Had his wit been at the Univerſity charge,
As well as his journey to *whitehall* in a Barge,
The expence of his brain had been much more large,
Friend in a corner

He

(3)

He clo'd them at last with a great deal of doe
With much rubbing and reaching and bodgelling too,
A thanks-giving Sermon we expect to be due
Aglogh whee Reglous

The next that offerd to proffer was *Hoyle*,
A transplanted root from the low Countrey soyl;
That at *Rome's* proud gates would never turn tayl,
Hold a blow *Jenkin*.

The Pope, and his Crown, and Catholical glory
He kill'd, and layd out in ashes before you,
Nay and more, he set fire on Purgatory
Countrey man quarter

Altitonant wall next saddles *Peg-Assus*,
And scatcht bloud in three tongues from the shins of *Parnassus*;
He frisk'd as a man would say *God ble's us*
Enter praisentor

The distillations of rain and peace
Had like to have melted *Johannes* his grease,
For joy that his Stipend was like to encrease
Subare x d'are

Then *Langley* the Master of *Pembroke Colledge*
Prick'd up his ears full of heavenlified knowledg,
This was the spare wit almost of his whole Age
Parce tyroni.

And he will revenge the *Saints* on the *Pope*
Though this valour in him were past all our hope;
And threatens no lesse than bloud faggot and rope
Have amongst you blind harpers

Next *Roberts* of *Jesus* that doubty good Card,
The principallity of her Countrey to ward
Tunes up her pipes in a double regard
O puddere he vaw!

* 2

First

(4)

First her Latinity takes up a Page
To as little purpose as the Scots did engage,
At last the Welch blood in her veins did assuage
Wella whee humble Bee

But I leave you, Learn'd Sir, and your mouth-rhous Song,
Left I doe you (as you your Colledge) much wrong,
To the Devil, the Father and founder of the tongue,
Male Tom piper.

Next *Savage* and *Zouch* (small fuscins did conceive,
And their Mules and mountains did seem much to heave,
The Peace they say's made, and so they took leave
Green goole and cheefe-cake,

Next *Burton* and *Say*, and *G. Q.* did meet,
In Hebrew well english'd and Latin shod feet,
And made a hard shift to bed with a half sheet
Nicholas Nemo.

In Heroical Buskins *J. Maples* appears,
In hard phrases and axioms dress'd up to the ears,
As though hee'd mount over the tops of the spheres,
Lingua quo vadis.

The sight of his Doctorship in black and white
Put all the ships and their thunder to flight,
His *Opium* has wrapp'd up the wars in long night
Valde probatum.

Jo. Hammarus then comes in by the north,
Q had his theam been a good chipe of beef,
He had cour'd him the field past any relief!
Mounte Cabal boyes

The next that pursu'd the magical Doctor,
Was *Hexameter S. C.* the *New Colledge* Brother,
Had not *Belgia* been quiet tis doubt he'd have knockt her
Ruin Bocardo

Thom.

Thom. Lackey of *Christ Church*, and *Terren* likewise
 Their wishes and sighs propound to our eyes,
 And *Bathurst* of *Trinity* seems to advise
 Gently good *Joan* then,

Jones and *Everard*, *E. H.* and *Quib*,
Dick Bryan and *Eastham* god give you good din,
Thom. Cole and *J. Ward* come ambling all in
 Hey for our Town!

Will. Carpenter too a Master of Art,
 Whence his Greek proceeded it puzzles my heart,
 But he writ a good hand and his Authour was smart
Inde prateres.

The *Students* and *Commoners* like horse and foot,
 Advanc'd in their ranks and came bodily to't,
 For the youngfets alas knew their *Tutors* could do't
Jure divino.

Much pumping there was and a great deal of puther
 And many in zeal rode ore one another,
 But more gavé false fire and their valour did smother
Causa malignans.

In couples they ryed the two Nations at last
 And bound up the *Amnesty* in shackles fast,
 And the *Hollanders* home to their Harbours they chal'd
Fadingo dinckido.

Only *L. Atterbury* to heighten his strein
 (And there I confess he tickled the vein)
 Thanks the *Protector* instead of God for the rein
Ruin vacalium.

Some fellows there were, though they thought they had none,
 To save their bacon penn'd many a smooth song,
 Which I hope they have repented or will doe ere long
Cave Caveto.
 Hary

(6)

Many Berkehead (pox on't) what mak'st thou in the pack?
VVith a Comment like a Pedlar truss'd up at thy back?
Their small drink will never agree with thy Sack
Paribus Impar.

In stone-dead English the rest did advance,
Only one packet brought letters from *France*;
And two in welch measures the morrice did dance
Tallerie whiske.

And first *R.B.* of *Trinity* mutter'd
In old fashion Syllables some what was sputter'd
He call'd him *Augustus* and away he flutter'd
Lankuri down dilly.

Next *Brooks* the Principle of *Saint Mary Hall*,
Made my Lord start, though he had never a fall,
But he quickly pull'd in his Muse, brows, horns and all
Moufe in a cheefe-vate.

Next *Gorges* of *Johns* his *Thalia* did reel,
Put his hand in his pocket and swore bloud and steel,
But thanks be given his fist no man did feel.
Mercifull Atropos;

Next *Bagshaw* agen upon the foe fell,
And like *Corrector* of the Press compare'd it so well,
That he left his Highness without paralel,
What can a man doe?

Next *Stanly* brought what his friends could indite,
And *Humbarston* added, though it were but a mite,
And *Hatley* inflam'd call'd him *Mays* his huge knight,
Consfiter me that verse.

But now my *Cleavelandified Mathew* trowls in
VVith a mouth full of draggons that poyson'd his skin,
But 'twas said his bumbast Muse was on the pin
Rously Carouffy.

In

(7)

In whirlwindes and earth quakes he punn'd and made faces,
In Porcupine's quills and Cyclopick traces,
He frisk'd and he winced in the tribe of Many-Askes
Mounsey Irony.

He so smoak'd and so stunk in his furious gears,
Till the Alderman's fur flew over his ears,
If he catch him hee'le give him a penniworth of pears
Hares head and jibbles

Some Readers have constru'd this gallant I trow
For the dainty fine snip snap should fore run the shew,
Though the worthies have upp'd him quite out of their row
Plangite Make sport

Next *Hodges* dares promise the age shall be gold,
But I prethee good *Student* dost hear? Say and hold.
For the dread of that Prophecy makes my heart cold
Salve sound taxes.

Dick Page with Levies and Subsidies next,
And the Publick faith tortures the text,
But these for long time have the people sore vext
No more of that string.

The rest are not worth the continuing the chase,
Only *Jo. Ford* forced smiles in my face,
For instead of rythming he fell to say grace
Farewel good tokens.

Len. Leichfield too ventures t' flame in the reare,
Yet how he turn'd poet pray hold a blow there,
But he quickly found friends, being Beadle Esquire
Plaudite fat gus.

Thus their subject was high and their eloquence mighty,
Pray Gentiles draw nigh here shall nothing affright you,
The Squib's at an end, and so Mounsiere good night t' you

Domine E. &c.

(7)

He said I was a good man and a good
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In the winter a small stream
is formed by the snow
which has melted in the
valley.

It is the same stream
which flows over the
ice in the summer
and gives birth to the
great river.

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Pls. Legs, and Pomes.

P. 132. a Coffin emerald Tenant.

P. 130. Hopper Eyes.

P. 240. Canary, and Sacks.

P. 230. disappointed.

P. 231. On the death of SELDEN.

P. 244. Of Saphire - Vouchers.

P. 258. an Aftermath.

Momus Uenticus.

P. 5. Ralph Bathurst. p. 6.

— Atterbury.

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